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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIV. CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 16, 1899. NUMBER 12.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL— PAGE
Notes 623
More Light 624
The Fallibility of the College Man 625
Preachers and War 625

GOOD POETRY—
Waiting—*John Burroughs* 626
Afton Water—*Robert Burns* 626

NOTES BY E. P. POWELL 626

THE PULPIT—
The Greater Chicago—
DR. EMIL G. HIRSCH 627

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL—
IV. Daniel—E. H. W. 630

THE STUDY TABLE—
John Chadwick's Last Book—C. P. W. 631
Comments on Current Books—
OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS 632

THE HOME—
Helps to High Living 633
Store Up the Sunshine 633
For Auld Lang Syne—
GAZELLE STEVENS SHARP 633
In Japan 633
Tuskegee 633

THE FIELD—
Wellesley Hills, Mass 634
Berea, Ky 634
Chicago 634
A Seven Years' Course of Lesson 634

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UNITY

VOLUME XLIV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1899. NUMBER 12.

There is a city in the land of the Chaldeans from which arose the most righteous race of men, whose care was good counsel and fair deeds. For they regard not with anxious thought the course of sun and moon, nor the wonders that are found on earth, nor the depth of ocean's blue-eyed sea, nor the omens of a sneeze and the birds of the augur, nor seers, nor sorcerers, nor charmers, nor ventriloquists' fond deceits; they study not the predictions of Chaldean astrologers; they observe not the stars; for merest fraud are all such things, which men in their folly day by day explore, exercising their soul in no useful work, teaching error unto hapless mortals; whence many evils have befallen the inhabitants of earth, so that they have strayed from the paths of righteousness. But, on the other hand, this people make righteousness and virtue their sole care; they shun avarice, which to the race of man brings numberless evils, wars, and famine past escape. Just bounds are theirs in town and field; no thief steals by night into their houses; they harry not their neighbors' flocks of oxen, sheep, and goats, nor violate their neighbors' boundaries; the rich man vexes not his poorer brother, nor harasses the widow, but rather aids her from his stores of corn and wine and oil; ever is he a blessing to them who have nothing; ever of his harvest he gives a share to the needy. Thus they fulfill the command of the great God, which is their ordered song; for the heavenly Father has given the earth as the common possession of all men.—SIBYLLINE ORACLES, III:218-248.

In 1862 the Rev. Joshua Young left the Unitarian parish of Burlington, Vt., because of the displeasure he had aroused in the minds of some of his parishioners because he had prayed at the burial of John Brown. Recently Mr. Young went to North Elba, N. Y., to take part again in the reinterment of the ashes of John Brown's followers, and on his way home he was the honored guest of Burlington and spoke in his old church, to the pride and joy of present residents. It makes a difference. Short-ranged judgments seldom stand the test of long-ranged justice.

"If the angel Gabriel were pastor of a church he could not be successful if all the people who were his natural constituents did not do their part." So says "Unity Items," published in Boston, Mass. That doubtless is so, but perhaps Gabriel would begin to work on his natural constituents and might make them over, anyhow we would suspect that he would preach to his people, and not over or through them to somebody else. But perhaps Gabriel would not preach at all but content himself by practicing for a while and then the Gabriel conduct might become contagious and it would spread.

The cities of the world have never come to their greatest danger until they have come to the conceit of numbers and pride of wealth. Kingdoms have gone down not from forces from without, but from corruptions from within. The state has never been disgraced by its poverty or dismayed by the barrenness of its soil or the limitations of its commerce, but it has come to its death through pride. The very prowess of armies has written the decrees that have brought low Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, Syria and Rome. It is the province of religion to emphasize these intangible elements of power, to expose the treacherous weakness of these external props. The stronger the prop the greater is the imbecility that leans upon it.

The old saying is often verified that "politics makes strange bedfellows." It will be a shock to many to find the President of Cornell University, an institution that had its rise in radical thought as applied to politics and religion, saying (if he is properly quoted) that "slavery is a recognized institution in the Sulus. If we attempt to take it away there is no telling what would happen. *Certainly it would be to our disadvantage.* * * * We cannot afford to interfere with their religion and ancient practices as long as they do not conflict with American authority and American government in the islands." The italics are ours. Alas for the traditions of '61 to '65. Shades of Lincoln and Whittier, of Garrison and Lucretia Mott! What can be more sadly to the *disadvantage* of the United States than to find its educators thus subordinating the United States' boast of liberty and equality to the abomination of slavery, awakening anew the cowardly self-consciousness of a *disadvantage* coming from a loyalty to liberty and a recognition of the rights of every man, black, brown and white, to his own person and to a voice in his own self-government. No wonder that the William Lloyd Garrison living should in the spirit of his father, the William Lloyd Garrison who, though dead, yet speaketh," declares in a recent number of the "Boston Herald," "To wish that Aguinaldo may not conquer is to wish that the conspirators who are transforming the government from democracy to despotism may succeed." This is harsh language. It sounds not only unpatriotic, but ungracious. But anyone conversant with the history of the United States will remember that the pages of that history through the fifties are studded thick with such statements as these, and that what then sounded like treason and discord now forms the music of that decade, the inspiring marches that gave to us the heroic age of the United States. Let us beware of the wisdom of the schools when they so distrust the divine foolishness of the prophets and the bards.

He is a rash politician who ventures to draw any very confident conclusions from the bearings of the recent elections on the national elections still to come, for public sentiment is much disturbed and many minds are in suspension. It would seem as though it is a fair inference that there is a considerable majority of the people of Ohio who are opposed to the present war policy in the Philippines, for, however the Jones and McLean constituencies may differ in other points, they were heartily agreed in their anti-imperialistic conviction. One thing more is safe to infer from the Ohio elections. There were one hundred and ten thousand voters more or less who have outgrown the dictation of

both the old parties. They represent an independent element that went to the polls and voted for an idea rather than for a party. They registered as voters in their own rights and in their own convictions, rather than by proxy or by the direction of those who have climbed into power by intrigue and complexities that are dark and devious. "One hundred and ten thousand fools," as the bosses say, but "fools" that believe that the Golden Rule can be made to work in workshop, in trade and in politics. They may be wrong, but they believed and voted in that belief. They were "fools" also who have demonstrated the practicality of Direct Nominations without the interference of primaries and central committees. If this can be made to work in a state, why not in the city, the county and the country at large, and if direct nominations can be made to work is it not a safe inference that some day Direct Legislation through the "Initiative and Referendum"can also be made to work? These "fools" may have been all wrong in their theories of administration. They may have been mistaken in the prescriptions by means of which they would heal the ills of the body politic, but if so, they were "foolish" with the divine foolishness of believing that right is more powerful than gold, that the law of love must overrule politics, aye, permeate politics and become political. This independent band is groping toward the thought that at the polls justice will express itself, a justice that is ample enough to go all around. It is a faint promise of that manly independence that confesses its dependence only upon truth and right.

The "Chicago Tribune" with grim humor well says: "The kindergartens are the only fighting ground left to the Board of Education which has not already been occupied by firing lines, and now the battle rages here as elsewhere." Surely the public schools of Chicago have fallen upon stormy times. Recently Superintendent Andrews was peremptorily forbidden the floor while the Board of Education, in the face of his protest, proceeded to elect certain "Principals" who had not passed the required examination. It is not for us nor anybody on the outside to presume to judge of the qualifications of any of these applicants. Presumably they are fitted for the position asked for, but in the interest of that thoroughness and that integrity that is the life of education, we cannot but ask why examinations for any if not for all, and what is a superintendent good for if he is not to exercise judgment and what would seem to be legitimate authority in this direction? If Dr. Andrews' position is a superintendency with no power to superintend, it would be economy for the city to have him discharged and to let the Board of Education hire instead a stenographer and the necessary amount of messenger boys to carry their decisions from place to place. In all this stormy struggle in the Chicago schools, viewed from the outside and at the distance that grants perspective, the struggle seems to be for the adjustment of that one-man power into everybody's needs so necessary to high works and the wishes of the many so dear to democracy. Surely democracy must have a place for the leadership of experts and the efficiency of the strong man. Power when divorced from direct responsibility is a dangerous thing. Boards of education, like all other boards, are in danger of reaching after a power for which they are not willing to pay the necessary price of consecration, application and specialization. If the Board of Education are going to run the schools of Chicago, let them be held responsible for the shortcomings of the schools and all crudities. In the school, in the church and in the nation there is first a demand for the Man that is competent to lead, then for the Men who are willing to follow such leaders without obstructing his way with the petty interferences that come from those who cannot do the work, but who like to dictate how it should be done. Let the Board of Education of Chicago beware lest, like the would-be managing boards of many institutions, the fable of the "dog-in-the-manger" should have some pertinent application.

More Light.

Jacob Riis brought before the Merchants' Club of Chicago on Saturday, 11th inst., the rich stores of accurate knowledge acquired in many years of close contact with urban squalor and misery.

It was a most remarkable bit of lecturing. There were snap shots of the tenements of New York, accompanied by statistics of crime and morality. There were photographs of the children and their playgrounds, in dark halls and dark area ways, under the old regime, and finally the breaking of light in the small parks and sunlit play-grounds lately provided at enormous expense.

Concurrent with figures and with scenes there ran the argument, unanswerable, even if unsupported by picture and pencil. The boy who cannot play is an outlaw deprived of the natural rights of childhood. Having no rights of his own, except to "move on" and to "keep off the grass," he cannot recognize the rights of others.

Forced out into the street he throws stones and mud instead of a ball. He comes into contact with the police as disorderly. The policeman and the law are his enemies. One day he is arrested. Thenceforth he is a criminal.

And where are the influences of an overcrowded district to hold him back? Disease and death are ever before him in greater measure than is the average lot, and of these and of dirt and hunger are born the exasperation and the desperation of the slums.

The moral of it all is plain. Those members of our excellent city council and the other guests who were present saw the unmistakable inference of the story even without the careful and conclusive statement of Mr. Bissell. We are not crowded as New York is crowded, but there are districts where the children are driven into the street. Before we reach the awful state of infanticide and murder of character found in the older city, we still have inexcusable wrong at our door.

With comparatively small outlay we can give the children a chance. It may savor of single tax or socialism to say that the child born into this world has a right to stand on the ground and look at the sky, but the safety of society, however constituted, rests on the wholesome development of coming generations.

People who have known nothing but dirt and oppression cannot be trusted to judge the conditions under which their children may grow up. The work must be forced by those who feel no such need for their own families. The pawner's bill and the pawnshop therefrom resulting shows what the vigorous manhood of the Merchants' Club of Chicago can do. The present council is not entirely composed of saloonkeepers who weep at funerals and dump garbage among their constituents. It is well that the work has been taken up, and it is certain that it will be carried out. Back of all the present agitation is the patient, modest work of the best man in Chicago, Jane Addams, and the first park of the new series ought to be "Jane Addams' Field."

The Fallibility of the College Man.

The power of the preacher in politics is gone. The pulpit cloth carries with it no atmosphere of sanctity to the politician. Indeed, in politics, the preacher is assumed to be a very unsafe leader.

But the reign of the "professor" seems to be coming in, and the opinions of a college man are supposed to carry great weight. Perhaps a process of dis-illusion must go on in this direction and the voter must realize that college presidents and professors are also subject to color blindness and moral myopia in affairs of state. The mere fact that one member of the Philippine Commission was the president of a great university and that another member was a professor in a similar institution does not prove that their opinion is beyond challenge or that their vision was unclouded.

But our respect for the academic forces of this country is justified when we remember the clear protest that comes from many, if not a majority, of the educators of this country against the military reaction of our day and country. We are glad to append below the clear words of Professor H. H. Barber of the Meadville Theological School, as they appeared in a recent number of the "Morning Star" of that city.—Eds.

MUST WE "ANNIHILATE THE TAGALOG."

So President Schurman says in an "authorized interview," published in the "Outlook" for November 4: "My advice is, increase your military force to the utmost extent that may be necessary, and with those forces annihilate, or be ready to annihilate, the Tagalog insurgents who are now resisting the authority of the United States." The "Outlook" approves and seconds this advice, as does the preliminary report of the Philippine commissioners. The administration at Washington is at last clearly committed to this policy. All alike declare that the war was unavoidable, and that it cannot now be paused in without dishonor. Not even a conference, though repeatedly begged for by Aguinaldo, is to be considered. We must go on to "annihilate the Tagalog insurgents." That means, if they prove obstinately wedded to the idea of self-government they have caught from us, the extermination of two million souls, even if the other races in the Philippines should all remain inactive. This we are to do for their good, and our national honor. It may take "a century, a generation, or longer," President Schurman thinks.

In the face of these authorities, only the fearful possibilities involved in this determination to "annihilate the Tagalog insurgents" could give one the presumption to protest. Nevertheless, all American principles and all humane sentiments plead for reconsideration. President Schurman declares that he was slow in coming to this conviction, and did not at first believe in holding the Philippines by conquest. President McKinley said in Boston that the slaughter going on in the islands was "an agony" to him, and we all know the tenor of Dewey's earlier utterances. The thought that we have succeeded to the Spanish policy of mercilessly crushing out the age-long aspiration for freedom among the Filipinos is still a nightmare to multitudes of the best people in this country. The prospect of pursuing them to "annihilation" is one that may well excite universal horror. Despite the glamors of war, and the much worn pleas of necessity and duty, this whole country is heartsick in this business of destroying a feeble people in their struggle for independence. Is it "unpatriotic" to ask whether it be not possible that administrative vanity and hope of commercial advantage, and supposed partisan exigency may not have had some share in influencing this conclusion as to necessity and "national honor?" A truce might at least be possible, in which to attempt to understand each other and ourselves, and to weigh the meaning to civilization of what we have set ourselves to do. I would commend to my fellow citizens the example of Abraham Lincoln in withstanding the popular clamor against giving up the Confederate commissioners, Mason and Slidell, in the Civil War, and that of Mr. Gladstone in granting self-government to the Boers, after the disaster to the British arms at Majuba Hill. To-day, nearly all Americans, with the whole press of continental Europe, condemn Mr. Chamberlain's reversal of Gladstone's noble spirit of concession, and the frightful war it is now visiting on England and the Transvaal. Just so, all Europe, England included, is opposed to our war for the overthrow of self-government in the Philippines. That is, it appears to disinterested spectators that the two nations which have hitherto been the leaders among the peoples for liberty, peace and Christain civilization are now engaged in destroying feeble races for struggling toward the national self-rule, which is their destroyer's achievement and highest boast.

To "annihilate or be ready to annihilate the Tagalog insurgents" is un-American and un-Christian. Is it "un-patriotic" to protest?

"Preachers and War."

We have often had occasion to deplore the lack of seriousness and ethical dignity on the part of our secular dailies. So we take pleasure this week in giving prompt recognition to the exception by giving our editorial space to an editorial which appeared in the "Chicago Evening Journal" for November 10, under the above title. Here are words fraught with too much wisdom and timely application to be lost in the hurry of an afternoon paper. We bespeak for them the more careful reading that belongs to our more deliberate weekly—UNITY.

One of the curious things in connection with current history is the approbation with which some of our Christian ministers regard wars of aggression and conquest. Men of the mildest lives and most exemplary characters apologize for bloodshed because of the advantages to Christianity and civilization they think they see in the domination of strong and progressive nations over weak and backward ones, and they will talk glowingly to you by the hour about "sending railways and locomotives and newspapers and books into the dark places of the earth and reclaiming them from barbarism"—by means of organized manslaughter and arson.

It is a strange thing that men devoted to the service of the Prince of Peace should delight to see him served by means of war. It is a strange excuse some of them are making for militant injustice—that it is civilization in disguise. Such a mental attitude seems incapable of forming a fair conception of what civilization may be.

Civilization does not consist in railways and printing presses, and shops and factories, nor yet in machine guns and improved weapons of war. If it did, the best man in this country, wrecked on a desert island, would thereby be a savage.

Those things never made civilization. Civilization made them. It is not dependent on any material thing. It is a matter of morality, justice and right. Darwin did not think men could not rise from animalism to manhood without locomotives and books and factories, but he thought they could not have risen without fixed abodes, family ties, property rights, and chiefs to enforce them.

There was civilization before there was Christianity. But there never was any that did not rest upon a foundation of morality, justice and right. When a state of society, however cultured and luxurious did not have those things it was savagery in disguise, and so it is to-day.

When clergymen eulogize the conquest of backward nations by more ingenious ones in the name of civilization, they forget that the civilization that has to make headway by overriding justice with fire and sword is only savagery armed with the clever mechanisms of a heartless science and impelled by a ferocity all the more cruel because cold and self-contained.

But, say our zealous friends, railways threading the dark continent and going down through the Chinese empire, carrying books and printing presses and newspapers and bibles to Zulus and Chinamen, give greater opportunity for spreading the gospel, and if these things are to go where they will do the most good they must be preceded by little wars now and then. Did they ever reflect that it does the gospel little credit to be spread that way; that in the hope of reaching the few untutored survivors of the white man's bullets and gin they are discrediting their cause among hundreds of thousands of fair-minded people at home by their avowed sympathy with war and conquest?

Neither right nor peace nor civilization can be advanced by such methods. If the pulpit wishes to aid the advance of civilization and Christianity it must stand united against all the ingenious modern forms of savage rapacity and wrong.

Good Poetry.

Waiting.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
  Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
  For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
  For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
  And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
  The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
  Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
  I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
  And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
  The brooks that spring in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
  Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
  The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
  Can keep my own away from me.

—*John Burroughs.*

Afton Water.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gathering sweet flow'rets, she strews thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

—*Robert Burns*

Notes By E. P. Powell.

On the table lie two books from Open Court Company—"Evolution of General Ideas," by Theodore Ribot, and "Solomon and Solomonic Literature," by Moncure D. Conway. The work of Ribot is of a character beyond criticism. The principal aim of this work is to study the development of the mind, as it abstracts and generalizes, and to show that these two operations exhibit a perfect evolution; in other words, to show that "the more elevated forms of pure symbolism are accessible only to the minority." The chapter on Speech is an admirable corrective for the careless arguments advanced by Max Müller. Of animals he says there can be no doubt that pain, joy, love, impatience and other emotional states are easily translated by them through signs; but can animals transmit signs of the intellectual as well as the affective life? Can they transmit a warning or an order to their fellows? Can they intelligently direct a co-operative course of action? Ribot's conclusion is that the language of animals is entirely rudimentary, by no means involving the logic of images, while it is highly inferior to that of analytic gesture. Whether the reader will agree with Mr. Ribot or not, the book is one that should be studied by everyone who is interested in psychology. Mr. Conway's book on Solomonic literature is precisely such a work as we should expect from the author of "Sacred Anthology." The logic is everywhere blazed with the poetry of Mr. Conway's nature. There are frequent passages of great eloquence, such as the following concerning William Lloyd Garrison. He says, "Garrison's feet were unconsciously shod with the preparation of the gospel of war, even as those of Jesus were. In the realm of consecrated wrong every appeal to the moral sentiment is necessarily evolutionary."

From Scribner's we are in receipt of two volumes of short stories, both of them of the highest order. "Sand and Cactus," by Wolcott LeClear Beard, and the "Lion and the Unicorn," by Richard Harding Davis. I like best the first of these two volumes. The stories are thoroughly unique and original. The field occupied is the author's own, and his style is exceedingly attractive. The book is dedicated "To My Father and Mother," which is as much as to say that not a line in it will be objectionable to the most critical taste. It deals with a rough field, but with judgment. The "Lion and the Unicorn" is written after the usual style of Mr. Davis. I like best in this volume the story of the Man with a Single Talent. As literary work there is little done better in this line of writing.

Another little volume from the Open Court Company is a translation of "Descarte's Discourse on the Method of Rightly Conducting the Reason and Seeking Truth in the Sciences." It is a delicious little monograph, and its reproduction is timely.

We see men of all kinds of professed creeds attain to almost all degrees of worth or worthlessness under each or any of them.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

A little group of wise hearts is better than a wilderness full of fools; and only that nation gains true territory which gains itself.—*Ruskin.*

Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

—*Longfellow.*

The Pulpit.

The Greater Chicago.

A Discourse Preached in Sinai Temple, on Chicago Day, October 9, 1899. By Emil G. Hirsch.

"All nations have their message from on high."—LOWELL.

Expansion is the besetting ambition of our day. Under all skies altars rise to this idol, and everywhere the sacred fire of devotion to it is burning. Great Britain desires to become the greater Britain. Germany finds her confines too much limited. She is impatient to plant her banner in distant continents. European Germany would grow to universal Germany.

The nations are not alone in thus paying court and tribute to the passion of the day. Individuals as well are reaching out for more. Their possessions wear the semblance of insignificance, and their hand is extended to clutch at more precious things in greater volume and increased measures. Cities, in turn, have followed the bent of the day. They are anxious to be numbered among the greatest, and if the limits of their territory thwart their ambition, they change the great city into the greater by act of legislation. Sober thought might suggest that the cities should be the last to covert further extensions. The drift of our century has been cityward. In posterity's surveys of this day's doings will, I am sure, be remarked this tendency. The character of our civilization is preeminently urban. The purer skies of the open country have lost their attractiveness. In exchange for the bright colors shining upon the waving grain and reflected from the running brook, men have been seized with a strange fascination of skies curtained by smoke and rivers besooted and begrimed with the refuse of the million-souled human beehive.

The cities as they are, strike one as large enough for all intents and purposes. One would voice the caution not to add to their territory, and enjoin content with the natural increase of their inhabitants. It is certain that, while the city has possibilities for the highest and the best, it is also potential of the basest and the lowest and the most degraded. Displaying along her avenues homes of culture and houses resplendent with wealth, it builds at the same time the hovels of want, dens dark with the wretchedness of ignorance, lurid with the lambent flame of crime and vice. The city is the center of all the agencies making for the amenities of refined life, but it is also the focus of forces generative of the brutalities. The royal robe of the thinker brushes in the streets against the reeking rags of the spiritual beggar. Learning at one end of the town is shamed by crudity and illiteracy at the other.

Strange contrasts, these modern exigencies, our giant cities! Rather contract than expand, would at first blush be the counsel of one who realizes the portentous vitalities and fatalities of our modern million-municipalities. Yet who would gainsay that, from another point of view, the ambition for the greater municipality is exceedingly commendable? Let us remember and understand that municipal greatness does not consist in numbers, nor in square miles. The smallest cities, comparatively speaking, have in history been the most vital. Jerusalem and Athens are little specks in comparison with modern bedlams of industry, our emporia of commerce. But the law went out from Jerusalem and the word of God from Zion's hills. Rome had no elevators, she had no working millions. The clank of the hammer on the anvil was not the dominant under her sky. She was not interested in canals dug at another end of the world; her citizens were not driven to frenzy by betting on the scarcity or the abundance of distant fields' yields. The breath of revolution wafted from the Roman hills would have caused no commercial enterprise to pause. It would have whelmed no financial firm in the night of disaster. But withal scarce one modern thought of ours but carries somehow or other the stamp of Athens—scarce one modern political institution of ours but is to some extent impregnated with the ideas that blew around the hilltops of Rome and found vocabulary on the forum and in the capitol.

Rome, to the present day even, is central to an æcumenical church, and it may be said without fear of being contradicted, that before its spiritual power at this hour as of yore emperors must bow and to the wishes of him who exercises her supreme authority mighty nations often must defer.

It is thus not true that the cities largest in area and most numerous in population are necessarily the mightiest in influences. Little Jerusalem was greater by the magic of certain qualifications. She was the city of the prophets, and though as always, she to whom the prophets spoke was the slowest to give them ear, the unheeded prophetic word lent to the hilltops of Zion an undying eloquence. By the spirit and not by power, by the word and the thought, and not by brutal wealth or blind force is the world moved.

Let us by all means aspire after a greater Chicago, remembering what Emerson said: the world is not founded on iron. It is not pillared on cotton, it is built on ideas. Certainly the record of our city's wonderful rise to splendor and might is not duplicated in the annals of either modern or ancient times. Our dearly beloved home city has but few rivals for the crown given to them that move to common purpose with insisting energy, and unite to change adversity into opportunity.

Contrast is the fundamental law of dramatic poetry. No drama but is the evolution of conflict. It depicts clashing, contrasting, conflicting wills and wishes, powers and purposes. Drama becomes tragedy when in the struggle with the contrasted purpose, a mighty soul is quenched, when a tongue that raises its voice above the tumult of the conflict is, by the fatality or necessity of eternal disharmonies, forever stilled. The drama runs to harmonious conclusion, when out of the contrast, melody and peace event, when out of the clash, final happiness issues forth.

The story of our city is dramatic to a degree of intensity that is simply overwhelming. A few decades ago a little fort, the only shelter of the pioneers of white civilization—a few more years, a small trading post, constantly in danger of being swept aside by the reluctant forces of barbarism that would not yield willingly and readily to the pressure of a superior civilization before which retreat, or by which annihilation were the alternatives. The trading post grows into a small village; the village into a town; the town into a city; a city soon bustling with activity, humming with the whirr of wheels, reverberating with the clank of hammer on the anvil—astir with the shouts of profit and the groans of loss—a city, in royal splendor and independence seated by the border of the inland sea, in the vision of her most energetic sons, anticipating the future and preparing for the realization of possibilities as yet slumbering in the womb of time unborn; then one night of terror the elements break forth in their old passion to destroy the work and to punish the curiosity of man. From the clouds, as it were, leaps the devouring tongue. Its hot breath rolls along the populous streets, and shrivels with appetite fiendish what men in their pride had built to shelter their loved ones or to harbor their belongings. But from the hot ashes rises unabashed the young lake bride. The night of disaster is turned into a pledge of greater achievement. But a few more revolutions of the sun, the old wounds scarred, the metropolis of the adolescent west stands before the world weaponed in might, a monument to the thrift and energy of her sons, a proud promise of still greater things to be wrought. She invites the whole world to be her guest, and

charms forth a white city, shaming the fabled descriptions of the eastern stories, in the brilliancy and the harmony of its color, design, benighn frame to the exhibition of man's industry and its appeal to man's deeper thought and tenderer love.

Yea, the industrial exhibit contracts under the magic wand of Chicago's intention into a background to the congresses, and what never before had been known becomes reality. In a parliament free to all—each one asked to speak out of the depth of his convictions, and to witness to the burning faith that glows within him, in a parliament that gathers the priests and the prelates of the most ancient churches and the teachers and preachers and prophets of the youngest, the spokesmen of all creeds and faiths, of all systems of philosophy and of ethical interpretation convene—their first word is the welcome of peace—their last greeting a re-avowal of the benediction that blessed them at their coming. But even this page of our glory does not satisfy our yearnings, and to-day as everywhere else our anxiety and our ambition run toward the building of the Chicago greater than even that which has passed for a synonym of energy and push.

Along which lines shall this greater Chicago be built? Not along those of greater territorial expansion. Chicago now reminds one of the pictures one occasionally sees in humorous papers, hitting off a little boy in the clothes of the grandfather. That the boy will ultimately grow to a stature to fill the plenitude of the grandfather's vestments is undoubted; but for the moment the hat of the grandsire is too big and the coat too spacious; and where in his own clothes the little boy might move about freely, the folly which induces him to don grandfather's habiliments, hampers his ease of procession. He is curbed under the load. We have paid sufficient toll to the folly of counting so and so many square miles, cultivated or uncultivated, improved or the contrary, as comprising our municipal domain. Naturally, our city will increase in population. True sons of our day that appreciate only magnitude we have come to rejoice in the fact that the next census probably will show to our credit two millions of souls. Two millions may mean much, but they may also mean very little. A city is not composed of men and women and children that dwell side by side; a city arises when men, women and children that dwell together are under the consecration of a common and a high ideal. Two millions of men may be a shapeless mass—a chaotic irritation of unfulfilled ambitions. Two millions of men may, on the other hand, be an organized conscience, a common consciousness, civic pride, and civic duty. Let the greater Chicago be these things. Let it act Emerson's connotation, that even cities are not founded on iron and cotton, but on ideas.

As long as we all look upon a city merely as an opportunity for making something, and not for contributing something, it matters very little whether two millions more of fellowmen by our side follow the same misleading guide. We might be a pack of wolves—yea, less than wolves. Wolves will not consume one another when chasing in packs, while men will take advantage of one another when their ambition is merely that of pillage, when their life's quickstep is merely that of predatory expeditions, when they lie awake at night plotting not how to help their fellowman, but how to rob him, enslave him and rise upon the loss of his manhood to unmanly, mighty oppressive supremacy.

The symptoms of a better understanding are fortunately not wanting in our own municipality. We have begun to realize that to make our city greater, other things are needed than addition to the stockyards and the increase of the number of pigs or sheep or what not that are daily slaughtered yonder in those odoriferous, highly-perfumed sections of our domain. We have become aware of the fact that our greatness cannot be a question merely of so many tons of freight received or shipped—so and so many dollars of clearings. We have come to understand, of course, only faintly as the dawn of the better day is manifested by the pale glow of the rising sun, that added to the stockyard, and of greater import than it, must be culture, a culture which must go deeper than the ability to write learned essays on the immortality of the soul or the iniquity of our war with the Filipinos. We must remember, and have begun to remember, that stockyard, and iron and cotton and dry goods, and boots and shoes, are frames into which men must be cast. A city which is merely busy with material things and neglects men and women, manhood and womanhood, may be rich and vast; it cannot be reckoned the greater, and never will be named among the greatest.

The advance heralds of this better consciousness's triumph have already found their call. Chicago is no longer the city of stockyards; it is the home of libraries, and with all due deference to the successful pork-packer, let me say, one who writes an honest book serves humanity more vitally than he who kills a thousand pigs every day of his life. Let me also note that our city, while a busy center of commercial enterprises, loves as its own a noble shrine of art. We have among us, not merely skyscrapers, but also museums; we have developed a growing system of public education crowned by three universities. These are hopeful portents. They show along which lines we must proceed to make the greater Chicago of art and science and conscience a fitting climax and consummation of the great Chicago of industry, commerce, and finance.

Three lines especially seem to be indicated, and along them I hold the development of our city will be led.

CHICAGO COSMOPOLITAN IN SPIRIT.

First, this city will grow to be the typical American city because it is the most cosmopolitan. This is not a paradox. It is a realization of the intentions that God has had when he allowed this western continent to be discovered and when He sent across the sea in incessant streams, the children of all the races of men here to find a new home and here to work out a new civilization. There is such a thing as a narrow Americanism, and unfortunately it has found voice and framed appeal in this land of ours. As in Europe, so here, nationality has been confounded with race. Descent, not destiny, is held to be the differentiating element between citizen and foreigner. There have been those that synonymed America with New England. Certainly our official language is that of England. The literature of England is also ours. Our laws have come to use from Great Britain; but on the other hand, even before modern immigration had developed to great dimensions, America had been a borrower both spiritually and physically from almost all the nations of ancient Europe. The principles basic to our declaration of independence are not Anglo-Saxon originally. They are French. And much of our fetichism of popular majorities, our dogmatic insistence that the larger number is always the spokesman of the greater truth, is French to the core, not English. Again, the Germans had sent their missionaries to this western land in days before its independence had been conquered on bloody fields. Germantown, in Pennsylvania, harks back to the fatherland. Colonial history, not to dwell at length on other details, shows that America was not intended to be New England, but was purposed, in the plan of Providence, to be the new world, the larger world.

Chicago moves to this intention. Along Lake Michigan narrow nationalism can never find voice or vocabulary. Here mingle and mix the descendants of the

British and of the Irish, of the Germans and the Scandinavians, the Gauls and the Slavs, the Bohemians and the Magyars. Even the swarthy children of Asiatic or of African races are an exceedingly numerous contingent of the motley population. In our streets are heard the dialects of all lands. That is of all narrow prejudices and of all despicable bigotry the narrowest and the most contemptible, which urges that an American must not be a polyglot. Language is the gateway to thought, and the richer men are in thought the more of manhood is theirs. Language is the opening door to literature, and literature is the crystallization of the best that stirs in men's souls. Those that by law or custom, by indolence or by bigotry, will chain their tongue to but one language, as a rule blind their eyes to the light. That is the reason why linguistic culture is so vital a function of education.

Of course, not everybody that babbles in more than one language is baptized in more than one spirit. But where as among us many-tongued men have come together, the opportunity is given for the spreading of a city of many minds, but of one ambition, of many faiths, but of one purpose. Here the nobler Americanism will first find its consecration.

The cry has gone up that our civilization must be and is Anglo-Saxon. This is one of those curiously worded and ingeniously constructed brilliant or dull generalizations which are full of danger. Americans are not exclusively of Anglo-Saxon stock. Chicago gives the lie to the proposition.

Chicago is not tolerant of Americanism of contracted vision, of bigoted race pride and tribal exclusiveness. It includes the whole world; the new America that in Chicago and elsewhere will work out its destiny, will have the best of the old world to cast into a new type, a perfect type in the end, of what God intended when He created man in His image. The Pentecostal gift of many tongues but of one spirit which is ours has prepared the rise of the greater Chicago.

THE LIBERAL CONGRESS.

But secondly this greater Chicago will be characterized by the same spirit of inclusiveness in the domain of religion. To-day Chicago is known as the center of the most liberal efforts and energies in the temple of God. It has provided a platform for Swing and Thomas—it listens eagerly to Jones and Salter. The new Judaism, too, speaks its clearest note in Chicago; a Judaism—a Judaism, I repeat, self-conscious and proud of its inheritance, which is not a fagot of ceremony, not a pack of dogma—which is freedom, the freedom of the moral consecration to an historical, a prophetic duty to self and to mankind.

This liberalization of religion in Chicago has not robbed religion of its depths. Rationalism of the musty kind has no foothold in Chicago religious liberalism. Remember that he is not a liberal who is suffering from a paralysis of negatives. Denial has never yet uplifted man. Negatives are always preliminaries. We had to deny the fetichized Bible that we might come to the proper appreciation of the true Bible.

Our liberal religion is a religion of positive affirmations. This house was the cradle of the Congress of Liberal Religion—a congress ambitious even now, though only in the earliest hours of its blessed life, to embrace later the whole world and to penetrate with its consecration into all temples of whatever distinction and to bow before every altar, of whatever architecture. This liberal congress of religion, the pioneer of the religious life of the greater Chicago as it will be, stands for positive convictions, not for inane negations. We deny nothing in this congress. We ask the Catholic to affirm what he believes, we insist that he shall affirm. We invite the orthodox Protestant to be positive in his statement, and we would have him positive. This liberal congress is emancipated from that false tolerance which believes that every other religion, as a fraud, is the equivalent of every other religion also an imposition. This attitude may have been in keeping with the spirit a hundred years ago. It is entirely and painfully out of consonance with the new thought of this day. Ne religion is a fraud. The fetichistic religion is rooted in the same soil as is yours and mine. Every religion has its function in the economy of men. This congress has understood that the positive assertions of religion must be the trumpet notes calling men away from their selfishness and bringing to them the message of work for others and with others.

This religion to be, which will go out from Chicago as its Jerusalem—this religion which will make this Chicago of ours the greater Chicago, is fully aware of the truth that the storm center of the religious life today must be sociology, not theology. Liberal Judaism claims to be prophetic Judaism, but the prophets of old were the first socialists. They did not preach a new God. Amos, whatever his theology may have been, was the preacher of the new humanity. His fiery fervor burned away the rags with which selfishness, social selfishness hid its shame. He unmasked the hypocrites of ceremonial religion who sold their brother for a pair of shoes; who could not wait until the Sabbath was over that they might measure out their grain at usurious rates—the usurer, him of no conscience, him dead and deaf to the appeal of conscience and pity—him be denounced and castigated. His was not a pleasant duty; much more pleasant would it have been to go about and bow to the millionaire and to forget what violence and vileness tainted his wealth. He was a man who was not satisfied with the negative morality of respectability—of men that strut about with their plethoric purse in their pocket and boast, "I have not stolen; I have not murdered; I have not lied. Am I not a saint?" Of this negative sanctity the prophet is always impatient. Such also was the temper of Jeremiah and Ezekiel and Isaiah. Their social conscience demanded not merely abstention from wrong doing. It insisted upon right doing for the sake of enlarged social life and the broader socialized activity. This prophetic is the sacramental message of true liberalism.

It is time to get away from proving that the Sunday may be observed as a Sabbath. Children may take delight in the fact that they have abolished the old Sabbath when they have not yet risen into the new. Our liberalism is of all despicable presumptions the most contemptible if it consists merely in abolishing this or that institution. These are pastimes for little children.

The manly liberal speaks out a resonant "Thou shall." The true religious liberal consecration is that which makes the boldest demands upon the social conscience of individual, of city and of society. The greater Chicago will be prophetic to the nation and to the world of this new liberalism—the liberalism of inclusion, the liberalism of positive affirmation, the liberalism of social impatience, the messenger of social redemption.

CHICAGO TO BRING JOY TO THE LOWLY.

And thirdly but briefly, the greater Chicago will bring joy into the life of the lowliest as well as of the loftiest of its citizens. There be those among us who believe that he who founds a hospital does a great and glorious work; that he who gives a few dollars to an orphan asylum has earned the right to pose before the community as a philanthropist; that he who doles out a few dollars to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, is entitled to stand before the mirror and make compliments to himself as the greatest and the best of men that ever drew breath. But such benevolence is the least of all social functions. It represents the minimum, by no means the maximum of action influenced by social conscience. A city in which only hospitals are built and endowed—in which only orphan asylums are created, and only old people's homes are supported,

in which doles of charity are given out after long inquisitorial processes of browbeating and brutality almost incredible—is not great. That city is the greater, yea the only greatest, which sends joy into the life of all.

Man cannot live by bread alone. To be a man more is required than nourishment of the body—than appeasement of the hunger that gnaws within the vitals. Man not living by bread alone, has other requirements for his manhood and his humanity than a rag to cover his nudity, than a shelter to keep out the dripping rain. The home of man must be a home of joy; art and poetry and music are the appointed messengers of this joy. He who founds an art institute, he who purchases a picture of a great master and exhibits it where the masses can drink in its inspiration, is much more of a benefactor than he who provides the means wherewith to buy shoes. He who founds a university, he who endows a chair in a high school, he whose name is forever linked with the creation of an agency for the better, the nobler, the broader views of life, for the cultivation of thought and the discovery of truth, does more for his kind than he who gives a bed to a hospital. Hospitals are necessary. But they serve a minority—a museum serves all. A public concert, endowed by public-spirited citizens, brings joy and therefore energy of life into the hearts of millions. While the hospital may only relieve the physical want, his provision provides for the spiritual needs.

THE MEANING OF THE "SETTLEMENT."

And through the spreading of art and art knowledge, culture of this higher kind, men will learn to despise filth. Brooms will not clean the streets until our people become an art-loving people. Filth is want of harmony—moral harmony and spiritual harmony. A city that will be filthy may be a vast city. It is not a great city. The attack against filth must come from the highlands of art. Miss Addams will corroborate my statement. The Hull House, as all college settlements, are not agencies for the dispensation of relief. This part is incidental and non-essential. The urchin in rags that comes to Miss Addams' door will in all probability not receive a new coat. She takes the human soul, and introduces the possessor thereof to the appointments of culture, to pictures and song and thought. She thus awakens the sense of shame at the desolation of a life lived in moral mire. Make your homes centers of refinement. The battle with vice is won, the victory over filth of whatever kind is yours.

Miss Addams and Hull House—the many settlements that dot now this city in the slums, as you call them, are the pledges, are the indications that my horoscope is correctly set. The greater Chicago will be a Chicago of art. Architecture along the streets is not indifferent. It is not a matter of small concern whether our houses be ugly or be beautiful. Many a newly rich woman's house, of course, may have all the earmarks of a plethoric purse, and still be less beautiful than a humble cottage of the wage-earner. Beauty is not unessential. Our American cities lack as yet beauty. We shall get it. Beautify the cities, and you will make them better. The crusades against the dives, against the saloons, against the gambling hells, will be much more effective when your streets are clean, and the façades of your habitations display something of the spirit which made Italy and Greece immortal—the spirit of beauty serving utility, but not crushed under the ponderous weight of the requirements of industry, commerce, greed and cold-hearted cynic selfishness. Welcome future Chicago! Thou, a glorious city. Awake public spirit! Create Thou the greater Chicago, the city of many minds and many tongues, of one spirit, home of the truest religion, the religion of activity, the religion of brotherhood, the religion of positive affirmation, of duty and altruism; a garden spot of beauty and a paradise of moral and spiritual health, soundness and purity.

The Sunday School.

A Course of Study in the Non-Biblical Jewish Writings.

NOTES FROM THE MOTHERS' NORMAL CLASS OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO.

Prepared by E. H. W.

IV.

DANIEL.

MEMORY TEXT:

Break off thy sins by righteousness, and thine iniquities by showing mercies to the poor.—IV:27.

I would rather explain the book of Daniel than the procession of the exquinoxes. I am sure I should do more good for the Christian world. It is enough to break one's heart to realize in any lively way what agony this book has been; the libraries that have been written about it; the disputations that have ripened into insanity on the one hand and dogmatism of the dreariest kind on the other; and the puzzle still remains to distract the thoughtful mind. But when it is straightened out according to the ideas of modern scholarship, it becomes a charming story, a vivid piece of historical argument and illustration.

The Babylonian overthrow of Jerusalem took place 586 B. C. Daniel was a typical national hero of the Sir Galahad kind. He is alleged to have lived in the sixth century B. C., but the story was written in the second. According to the old conception, it was written during the lifetime of the hero and one holding this thought of it must try to understand how a man living in the courts of Babylon could foresee, foretell and describe the political events that would transpire four centuries further down the stream of time; and, furthermore, to predict it so as to make it hold the precious doctrines of the Messiah, of immortality and the ultimate triumph of the mono-theistic faith.

As long as we try to hold the book in the sixth century we have all this trouble, but put it into the second century and the difficulties vanish. The discovery of modern scholars is that in the troublous times of the second century, a faithful Jew, incensed and outraged by the indignities offered to the temple service, thought out this magnificent "tract for the times," projected himself away back there in imagination and talked for a hero of that time, doing it so well that he has been trusted by two thousand years of believers. Christendom to-day takes him at his word, although he probably never meant to be so taken. It was doubtless a symbolic way of telling the truth without being caught and getting into trouble. He could not call Antiochus Epiphanes names, but he could abuse the sixth century tyrant all he pleased, because he was dead.

This is about the way of it: We know that the Babylonians dominated through the seventh and well into the sixth centuries. They captured the Jews and carried them off. Then Persia came in and held sway down through the fourth century, and then came Alexander and took the map, but held it for a short time only. After his death his entire dominion broke into four pieces. Henceforth we are concerned with two of these parts only, the Egyptian and the Syrian, parallel forces which run alongside of each other away into the second century. After that the Jews are concerned with the Syrian branch chiefly, that governed by the Seleucidæ, whose capital was at Antioch. The earlier Antiochi were friendly, but when the man called Epiphanes, later called Epimanes, the crazy Antiochus, the fool, came into power, it was a hard time for the poor Jews. All of these rulers were practically Greek—Greek in thought, language, spirit, ambitions. They aspired to make of Antioch an Athens, a capital of the sports,

the poets, etc. Their great desire was to Hellenize the country, and that, of course, was most antagonistic to the Jewish inspiration.

Under the rule of Epiphanes, there was a high priest of Judaism called Onias, a good and devout man. But he had a relative, probably a brother, called Jason, a man of a different stamp. Now, Jason went up to Antioch and practically sold his brother out. He returned with money, influence and boodle, having said to the king, "If you will put me in command in my brother's place I will follow the Hellenistic tendency." So it came about that Onias was retired and Jason proceeded to Hellenize Jerusalem with a vengeance. He put up a gymnasium and encouraged the Olympic games, filling the young men of Jerusalem with athletic aspirations. The rites of circumcision were denied; mothers were sacrificed who insisted on it and youths ridiculed who bore it. The final outrage was to put out the fire, the light that burned forever on the Jewish altar, and upon this, or in front of it, he set up a little Greek altar, and on this a statuette of Zeus or something equally abominable in the eyes of the Jews. "The abomination of desolation," the Hebrew phase which was such a fine nut for the old theologians to crack, meant simply the dreadful outrage which put a Greek idol in the temple in front of the altar. Jason went on with his Hellenizing until another brother caught his trick and did it better and bought him off with boodle. So Jason was dethroned and Menelaus installed. Things went on from bad to worse, until at length we come to the story of the Maccabees and their heroic strike for liberty. This was the strongest, bravest and most modern kind of stroke for renovation, purity and freedom in the whole story of the Hebrews.

The modern theory is that one of the sufferers who saw and felt the "abomination of desolation" wrote this book of Daniel right there in a white heat of patriotic purposes. He dared not protest in his own name, and so with a literary genius amounting to inspiration he picked up the household story, the mothers' story of Daniel, one of the heroes away back in the sixth century, and he fitted the politics and history together in such a way that the faithful could read between the lines.

The book of Daniel falls easily into two parts. The first seven chapters narrate the Daniel stories with which we are all familiar. The last five constitute the historical parable of which I have just spoken. The first six chapters are simple hero stories, but even here you see the history prefigured. He could not have written them if he had not known the history. The old theory is that it is a piece of miraculous revelation, the Almighty illuminating the mind of the writer. The modern theory is that of the illumination of common sense. He was a man of vision and courage, looking back upon the past and making it most effective for the present. You can have one theory or the other, but you cannot have both. You can have Daniel miraculously cradled in the arms of the Almighty or you can have a splendid, loyal patriot writing out of the furnace heat of national disgrace and using the history of his people in such a manner as to incite them to a heroic strike for liberty. Read the book through with this thought in mind and you will find it radiant with patriotism and glowing with Hebrew fervor.

Kildine, an island in the North Sea, contains perhaps the most curious lake in the world. The surface of its waters is quite fresh, and supports fresh-water creatures and fresh-water vegetation; but deep down it is as salt as the bluest depths of the sea, and sponges and salt-water fish live and have their being there, to the delight and despair of scientists.

The Study Table.

John Chadwick's Last Book*

This volume contains the twenty-third and twenty-fourth series of Mr. Chadwick's published sermons, eight in each series. The title of the opening sermon supplies that of the book also. Mr. Chadwick explains his use of the borrowed title by saying that George Eliot's "is the choir invisible of those immortal dead who live again in lives made better by their former living in this hot and dusty world. Mine is the choir invisible of those who, while they are yet alive, do the same work as her immortal dead, and do it, generally, in a more effective way than they, because they are alive and here." The preacher gets much nearer the true meaning of this oft-quoted phrase than the novelist. For one, I confess I have always begrudged Mr. Allen's use of it, though his novel is one of much delicate beauty and moral suggestiveness, but one feels that many another title would have served as well, perhaps better, to disclose the book's prevailing idea and sentiment; whereas, a title should fit a book as a glove does the owner's hand, the physical ease and likeness in the one case standing for as happy a moral similitude in the other. George Eliot's famous hymn is supposed to set forth her views on the great question of immortality. It takes the high ground—if such is high ground—of a complete selflessness, and, dismissing and ignoring the thought of personal continuance after death, chants in lofty and stirring measures the endless worth and beauty of a noble human example. Whether we live after death or not we can so live here that immortality shall be achieved in a loving and grateful memory left behind.

Mr. Chadwick takes up the strain to celebrate that immortality entered upon before death by all who strive to live aright, more especially that gained by the "silent forces of the world, the men and women who, without noise or shouting, without repute or fame, contribute . . . . to the common good." Under this caption, "The Choir Invisible," he praises that same element of quiet, unobtrusive goodness in the world which performs faithfully every task and duty, seeking no public honors and winning none, which Holmes praises in his poem, "The Voiceless." "There is, then, a choir of invisible actions—choices, duties and surrenders, each one of these apparently of meagre voice—which in its coherent unity makes an undying music in the world and in the individual life." The preacher applies his text in another way by raising the question whether we do not attach too much importance to the work of the so-called great, as recorded in the biographies of distinguished men and women in all lines of work.

I can only specialize a few of the remaining discourses. There are two other borrowed titles. In "The Wandering Jew" the motive is quickly discerned from a single extract. Jesus is the wandering Jew. "There is sign and symbol here of what has been true of Jesus in his relation to the Christian centuries. His essential spirit of undogmatic, unceremonial religion has indeed wandered wide and long, and it has been spurned away by those who have been boldest in their claims on his authority."

Under "The Great Perhaps" the writer discusses the question of immortality, one on which he declares his own growing faith, though admitting the "collapse" he once suffered of early transcendental teachings, with their professed certainty of conviction on this point, which "threw me back on such reserves of science as were then at my command." This discourse

*"The Choir Invisible and Other Sermons." John White Chadwick. Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.

is largely taken up with a review of Prof. William James' essay on "Human Immortality."

"Wrestling With God" is drawn from the Jacob story in the Old Testament and naturally invites comparison with Mr. Gannett's "Wrestling and Blessing." This story "has furnished the rhetoric of prayer with one of its most striking metaphors—one which has been often much abused." The main thought here is that life is necessarily a contest, a struggle. "But the essence of the story of Jacob's wrestling with Jehovah is that he wrestled with a friendly power, that masked itself in seeming enmity and opposition."

Mr. Chadwick is a most quotable writer, but I must forbear. Somewhere of late I have seen something from his pen in which he makes frank admission of his own propensity to quote, and it is found here. So good a reader of books, who is also a writer, finds it hard to refrain. The gift of appreciation lies very close to the power of original thought in some minds, and Mr. Chadwick's, we long since learned, is that of discoverer and creator. But the same mental qualities show in the work of poet, preacher or essayist. Few preachers have his literary instinct or gift of expression, few men of letters his depth of moral conviction. The combination is a happy one for those who listen to him from Sunday to Sunday and for the wider congregation which reads from the printed page.

C. P. W.

Comments On Current Books.

This is the season of almanacs—if it be a comic almanac the better, for all have a touch of the motley. Gelett Burgess, author of the "Purple Cow," has a Nonsense Almanac for 1900 that will give at least one pleasant moment every month in the year. It is published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

Doubleday & McClure Company have given volume form to the papers of the Home Study Circle that appeared originally in the "Chicago Record." The first volume is on "Literature" and contains the studies of Burns, Scott and Byron. This series, it will be remembered, was designed for the use of those who wished to improve their education, but were unable to take a college course. In volume form, well printed and illustrated, the studies will serve their purpose permanently.

The twelfth publication of the Shakespeare Society of New York is "In re Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements" and is written by an unbeliever of the theory that the poet was a lawyer. William C. Devecmon, the author, defends the thesis that Shakespeare had no knowledge of the technique of law, no just appreciation of those fundamental principles of justice which are the basis of all law, and, while he excelled all other men in his portrayal of human nature, his own ideas of human rights were narrow and bigoted. Apropos of this last proposition, a literary friend said to me recently: "I cannot read Shakespeare any more. He is too feudal. I am proposing to myself to write a book to be entitled 'The Passing of Shakespeare.' He has become an impossible ideal."

J. S. Snoddy sends me "A Little Book of Missouri Verse," collected for the most part from newspapers, representing the work of seventy-three poets. Few of the names are known outside the state, and one gathers from the preface that genius is hardly recognized at home. It is probably the same everywhere: "The merit of an author, in the estimation of Missourians, has increased about as the square of the distance of his residence from Missouri." To correct this attitude, to bring Missourians to a consciousness of themselves, to give native talent opportunity and recognition, is the purpose of the volume. It would be a good plan to multiply such volumes, to have a series representing different localities, till every state should know its capacity to environ the higher arts of expression. Two of the poems are from Eugene Field's "Western Verse." I was surprised at Field's name among the rest, till I remembered that he was born in St. Louis, attended the State University, and later in life was on the staff of several Missouri papers. It is an old notion that to have cradled a poet is merit sufficient for any land; it is one that the world does not willingly let die.

"Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable," by Ernest Crosby, comes from the press of Small, Maynard & Co. in attractive binding and with the best of printing art. It is an earnest book, drawn from the depths of conscience, filled with alarm at the inequalities of the human state, and proclaiming the hope of brotherhood. The cry is not so tragic as Markham's, so satirical as Mrs. Stetson's, so cosmic as Whitman's or so imaginative as Carpenter's—but the impulse of all is the same. Some deep change is preparing in society; the old order of caste and privilege and authority is yielding—these poems are signs of the transition. A few quotations will show the temper of the parables.

"This is a mad world.

"The great church is crowded. The ancient torn battle-flags are hung high on the walls, where the dusty red and yellow rays from the stained windows strike them.

"The monuments of generals, who died fighting, look down at the multitude, among whom we see, here and there, uniformed soldiers from the garrison.

"And the priest drones: But I say unto you, Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you; and whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

"Yet no one smiles—but the devil."

"Here are two educated men. The one has a smattering of Latin and Greek; the other knows the speech and habits of horses and cattle, and gives them their food in due season."

"Pity our dilettante literary men and artists,
Cut off from their base of supplies, the common people,
Starving, as it were, in a foreign land;
Uttering trim futilities for each other's edification,
Their prophetic function all forgotten."

"It is a glorious thing to be really alive,—
To feel one's self a co-operating agent in the mysterious business of the universe,—
To be admitted as a member of the gigantic trust,—
To be initiated into the central labor union of all,—
Once for all to be let into the secrets of the cosmic conspiracy."

"Why are people thronging up the steps of the grey cathedral? What makes them so anxious, so eager, so impetuous?

"It is the old, old quest. They are looking for life eternal.

"Who is that tall, cloaked figure that treads stealthily behind them?

"It is Death. See, they feel his presence, and they dare not turn their heads lest they should behold him."

"No one could tell me where my Soul might be.
I searched for God, but God eluded me.
I sought my brother out, and found all three."

The author of these lines, a lawyer in New York, recently gave up, for conscience sake, the practice of a law he could not support. This incident, taken in connection with the resignation of Prof. Herron from a chain maintained by capitalistic society, becomes significant and points further to the new order.

OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS.

"The easiest burdens to bear are those we voluntarily assume."

We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labor.—*Farrar.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The habit of looking at the bright side of things is worth more than a thousand a year.
MON.—All useless misery is certainly folly.
TUES.—To improve the golden moments of opportunity, and catch the good that is within our reach, is the great art of life.
WED.—Grief is a species of idleness.
THURS.—No man can fall into contempt, but those who deserve it.
FRI.—Gloomy penitence is only madness turned upside down.
SAT.—Gayety is a duty when health requires it.

—Samuel Johnson.

Store Up the Sunshine.

It is easy enough to be happy
And to keep from doing wrong,
With never a care
In the springtime fair,
'Mid the woods with the birdies' song.

But when come the storms of winter,
And the sky is overcast,
It isn't as clear
Just what to do, dear;
And we wish that the brightness would last.

So let us store up the sunshine
To cheer us along on our way,
Make it a part
Of our innermost heart
To brighten the rainy day.

—Harriet B. Thayer, in "Every Other Sunday."

For Auld Lang Syne.

We all know by experience how difficult, not to say impossible, it is to keep up the correspondence and exchange of Christmas and birthday gifts commenced in our school days. It would be the height of folly to expect to continue through life all the intimacies of youth, and yet there are a few of the early friendships too valuable to be lightly cast aside, for, after all, "there are no friends like the old friends." Still, unless there be some definite plan, before we are aware many a friend has slipped entirely out of our lives, if not quite out of our minds.

A lady of my acquaintance, with three other schoolmates, at the close of their college life, some twenty-five years ago, entered into an agreement to write to each other at Christmas-time every year, and send a gift, some trifle not to exceed twenty-five cents in price, so that whatever their circumstances or how numerous the drains upon their purses, it should never prove a burden.

It seemed such a beautiful thing to do year after year. I have often thought what a pleasure it must be to plan for those early friends who, but for this compact, might have been crowded into the past by new friends and the increasing cares and duties of mature life. How pleasant to know that, with whatever of pleasure or pain the intervening months have been filled, the holidays will bring like a breath of youth, letters, whether a few words of explanation and regret, or several closely-written pages, still letters, together with some trifling remembrance from these old-time friends. The gift may be a bit of fancy-work, a calendar or booklet, a card, a handkerchief, a sermon or a song; or, better still, a photograph of the girlish face refined and matured by age and experience, or perchance the expression and features loved in girlhood will smile back from a pictured baby face, a fairer "later edition" of our friend.

There are so many trifles that may be given to dear ones if only it were possible to eliminate from the gift all thought of its costliness and find its value in the thought which prompts the sending and the loving insight which makes the thing selected fit into ours or our friend's life, so that it comes or goes, as the case may be, like a bit of oneself.

Humboldt, Ia. GAZELLE STEVENS SHARP.

In Japan.

The Japanese people are the soul of courtesy; they never are spoken to without bowing low, even to the ground. I soon discarded what I considered my most respectful bow, and began to describe an acute angle at my waist as their multitudinous bows were returned; but that soon seemed hardly fair and my palms slipped down to my knees, and my forehead sought mother earth a la Japonaise. They bow continually, and when one person bows everyone is expected to bow. To see a group of people taking their departure is very funny; it seems they cannot get started. One says good-by and then they all bow, and then after they have all said sayanaro and all bowed each time, someone breaks the spell by a rambling remark and all the sayanaroes and bowing has to be repeated. Impatient actions seem to be unknown to them. You cannot be impatient to them, they seem so surprised and look so unintelligent in regard to your actions.

They never kiss; when very affectionate they touch thumbs. One young lady told me they were never cross, but, smiling, said, "Sometimes we do not bow quite so low as others."

Kiota having been a sacred city, is full of shrines and temples and sweet-toned bells. There are thousands of bells boom every morning at dawn, and again at night when the sun drops. They contain a great deal of gold and silver and are tolled by being struck with a beam of wood. Their quality is indescribable; they are too solemn to call silvery, but are sweet and restful. *—Old Ladies' Journal.*

Tuskegee.

The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, where Booker T. Washington is doing so much good in educating colored people in the South, is putting up additional buildings to accommodate as far as possible the growing demand upon the institution. Large numbers of pupils have had to be refused this fall on account of the lack of room and means. The largest and most beautiful building upon the school ground is the new Trades Building, which was practically completed in September. Bricks have been made by the students during the summer for the new industrial building for girls, and work has been begun on it. The new dormitory for girls was finished in September. An agricultural building also was recently completed. For the first time a number of girls are taking, this fall, poultry raising and light horticulture. Others are taking dairying, as was true last year. Mrs. Washington has charge of all industries for girls. An instructor in plumbing begins this year with several students who are to learn that trade. Most encouraging results are growing out of the efforts made to educate the colored people along industrial and business lines.

They never taste who always drink;
They always talk who never think.

—Prior.

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Wellesley Hills, Mass.—John Snyder, who, for over a quarter of a century occupied perhaps the leading Unitarian pulpit in the West, that of the Church of the Messiah in St. Louis, is to be installed on the 22d inst. as pastor of the Unitarian Society at this place. On behalf of his many friends UNITY sends its cordial greetings to John Snyder and wishes him and his people joy and usefulness in their new relations.

Berea, Ky.—Berea College, in this mountain section, repsents one of the most unique, interesting and altogether fertile activities in the educational life of the country. The "Berea Quarterly" for November gives most fascinating glimpses of the life of those for whom and with whom this college labors. We see the mountain girl on horseback. We see admirable wood-cuts of the great forests and forest harvesters, a plea for the black walnut, and we come upon an interesting well of English poetry, old British ballads that have served among these Southern Highlanders from the days when their "forbears dwelt among the green fields of merrie England or among the braes and mountain lochs of Scotland," and an interesting suggestion of "a summer school on horseback." Altogether Berea deserves to be better known and to be better supported.

Chicago.—The Swami Abhayananda is organizing a class in Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," to be held every Thursday afternoon at 2:30, at Handel Hall, No. 40 Randolph street. Ten lessons for three dollars; single admission, 40 cents. This lady represents the Adwaitam Congregation, which is the oriental name for universal religion, and it is regretted by many that she should mask behind Hindu exterior a heart that is warm with the latest inspirations and a mind alert for the new truth and the modern application. * * * Dr. O. G. Libby of the University of Wisconsin and president of the Tower Hill Summer School, is to deliver an address before the Illinois Audubon Society, at Room 825 Fine Arts building, No. 203 Michigan boulevard, next Saturday, November 18, 2 p. m., on "The Migration of Birds." * * * The Inter-Parochial Studies of the Blank Leaf Between the Old and New Testaments was inaugurated auspiciously last Friday by Dr. Hirsch, upwards of eighty members being present. The next meeting will consider the "Persian Ascendency" and will be lead by Mr. Jones.

A Seven Years' Course of Lessons.

The first meeting of the season, held by the Chicago Union of Liberal Sunday-schools at All Souls Church, on October 10, found some sixty-five Sunday-school workers, representing eleven different schools all eager to hear something of the experience which Jenkin Lloyd Jones and the teachers under him had been having with the so-called "Six Years' Course." As usual, they were not disappointed; indeed, Mr. Jones gave a good many interesting touches in telling of the seven years' work which had been developed by him out of the original six years' course, as planned out some ten years ago. Mr. Jones admitted that from a pedagogical standpoint, the so-called six years' course was open to many objections, as, indeed, any course could not help being, but he believed that any course was better than none, and that almost any course, when lived up to, would yield valuable results. He held it as a plain, sober fact, that in his case at least, the six years' course had worked well, and was still working increasingly better. He had found, after thirty years' experience, that for practical results, there was no way of doing Sunday-school work as it ought to be done without a regular teachers' meeting. Uniform topics, continuous work and concentrated effort, would alone give the enthusiasm needed to carry over from one Sunday to another the interest. After having once gone over the ground covered by the six years' course, his school had started again, and was now making it a seven years' course, divided as follows:

First—A year devoted to the study of "Beginnings;" of primitive experiences of man relating to religion, all studied as true to the scientific method as possible.

Second—An outline study of a few of the older religions of the world, endeavoring to lead the pupils to a loving appreciation of the work of Buddha, Zoroaster, Confucius, etc. In studying these they had found that outline work, when well done, was not superficial.

Third—A study of the growth of the Hebrew religion, and, fourth, of the wealth of life and literature on the blank leaf between the Old and New Testaments.

Fifth—The study of the New Testament times.

Sixth—Tracing the development of the New Testament thought through the history of the various sects, and, seventh, the study of the best there is in the thought and feeling of to-day.

Mr. Jones felt that the bane of Sunday-school work lay in the hand-to-mouth life which leaves both the teacher, the parent and the child at a loss to know what is to be done next. It was a great boon to have a plan mapped out and to be able to follow it. At All Souls Church they had made very little use of any printed lesson helps, and indeed had shuffled off much of what is usual in schools of this kind; they did not even allow a Sunday-school paper to intrude on their instructions and divert the attention from the course of study. They gave nothing to the children as an attraction and told no "story" outside of lesson lines as if to compensate the child for the dryness that might come later in the session.

The pastor always did give some five minutes to aiding the work of the teachers, but not by diverting from the theme in hand. He had used a blackboard diagram of the centuries to give the children a sense of the dates spoken of, and had also used a suspended globe with tacks stuck into it by the children, to locate various places. In his opinion, the best maps were the outline maps made by the children themselves on a large scale and allowed to grow before the eyes of the children. Even such a map should not be kept in view all the time, as it would otherwise get to be as unnoticed as the figures on the wallpaper. If printed maps were needed, the folding ones were much the better, as they could easily be put away. Physical maps were more valuable than maps showing political boundaries, making permanent what is always shifting.

During the past year All Souls Sunday-school had experienced the most successful revival that Mr. Jones had ever had in all his church work. It came from temporarily holding the school sessions on Saturday, and from the pastor's insisting on having the teaching done by the mothers of the children in the school. The two months of the Saturday work had been unusually helpful in bringing the attention of the parents to the work of the school, and thus strengthening its efforts. At that time the school was studying the Old Testament, for which they took Chadwick's study of "The books of the Bible in their chronological order" as a basis. The teachers themselves were given merely the list of the books as arranged in order by Mr. Chadwick, together with such notes as they might make at the teachers' meeting, and such books of reference, Chadwick's included, as they could have access to. Each book was taken up as a literary unit, the aim being to get imbued with the spirit of the prophet in hand.

This year the school was going on towards the New Testament and making the unusual departure of studying the Apocryphal writings; indeed, so rarely are these studied, that an order for two dozen copies of a revised edition of the Apocrypha exhausted the available stock in this country! The year's work promised to be fully as interesting and helpful as those in the past, and Mr. Jones hoped that others might profit by the lessons learned in connection with this year's course of study at this school.

ALBERT S.

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5. Beliefs About God.
6. Messianic Expectations.
7. The Time of Jesus and the Influences of Jesus on His Time.
8. How the New Testament Grew.
9. The Bible as Poetry and Literature. A Review.

Of the many commendatory words received from the READERS OF UNITY, the following are typical:

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"I take this opportunity of assuring you of the great pleasure and satisfaction I have had from the series of lectures on the Bible this summer. I hope we shall have more of the same kind. They are greatly needed."

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"Wherever the Unity has carried them, I think these lectures must have made a very favorable impression and that many would like to have them in a more permanent form. They present the subject in a very pleasing manner and the simple directness of Mr. Sheldon in this age of extravagant and stilted expression is very gratifying."

From Manchester, N. H.:

"I find myself much interested in the lectures on the history of the Bible, and having read the third one write to ask you to put aside for me copies of Unity containing them until such date as I shall remit their price. If I could have had these lectures sixty or seventy years ago they would have saved some hard thinking."

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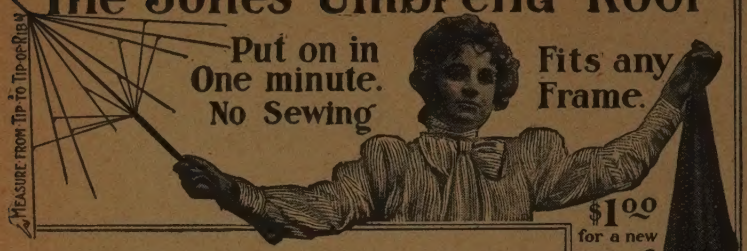

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WHAT TO DO.—Take the measure (in inches, of your old umbrella. Count the number of outside ribs. State if the center rod is of steel or wood. Full instructions for putting on the cover will be sent with all orders. Our special price list of different sizes and qualities mailed on request. Send for our *free* book "Umbrella Economy" anyway. Your umbrella will wear out *some day* and you will be glad that you know about

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